THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

OR

Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented.

By W. Shakespeare.

The third Edition.

Wherevnto is newly added two Loue-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellens answere backe to Paris.

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1612.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

WHen my Loue ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I doe beleeue her (though I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might thinke me ſome Patriot'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credit her falſe ſpeaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill reſt.
But wherefore ſayes my Loue that ſhe is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O, Loues beſt habite is a ſoothing tongue,
And Age (in Loue) loues not to haue yeares told.
Therefore Ile lie with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus ſmother'd be.

TWo Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Deſpaire,
That like two Spirits, do ſuggeſt me ſtill:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worſer ſpirit a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me ſoone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my ſide,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity, with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
Suſpect I may (yet not directly tell:)
For being both to me: both, to each friend,
I gheſſe one Angell in anothers hell.
The truth I ſhall not know, but liue in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

Did not the heauenly Rhetorike of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world could not hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie:
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore: but I will proue
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gaind, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is.
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth ſhine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not ſo wiſe
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradiſe?

DISSERTATION

SWeet Cytherea, ſitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, louely, freſh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a louely looke,
Such looks as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him ſtories, to delight his eares:
She ſhew'd him fauors, to allure his eie:
To win his hart, ſhe toucht him here and there,
Touches ſo ſoft, ſtill conquer chaſtitie.
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refuſde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile, and ieaſt, at euery gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her backe, faire queene. and toward,
He roſe and ran away, ah foole too froward.

IF Loue make me forſworne, how ſhal I ſweare to loue?
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile conſtant proue,
thoſe thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed,
Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes,
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art can comprehend:
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice:
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder,
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye *Ioues* lightning ſeemes, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick & ſweet fire
Celeſtiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To ſing heauens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly tongue.

SCarſe had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morne,
And ſcarſe the heard gone to the hedge for ſhade:
When Cytherea (all in loue forlorne)
A longing tariance for Adonis made
Vnder an Oſyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where Adon vſde to coole his ſpleene:
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approch, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtarke naked on the brookes greene brim:
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eie,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queene on him:
He ſpying her, bounſt in (whereas he ſtood)
Oh IOVE (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood?

Faire is my loue, but not so faire as fickle,
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor trustie,
Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rustie:
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she ioyned,
Betweene each kisse her othes of true loue swearing:
How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
Dreading my loue, she loste thereof still fearing.
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieastings.

She burnt with loue, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out loue, as soone as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the loue, and yet she foyld the framing,
She bad loue last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

IF Muſicke and ſweete Poetrie agree,
As they muſt needs (the Siſter and the brother)
Then muſt the loue be great twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lou'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whoſe heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, doth raniſh humane ſenſe:
Spencer to me, whoſe deepe Conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'ſt to heare the ſweet melodious ſound,
That *Phœbus* Lute (the Queene of Muſicke) makes
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himſelfe to ſinging he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poëts faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.

FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of Loue,
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Doue,
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes vpon a steepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Beare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

SWeet Roſe, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, ſoon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the ſpring:
Bright Orient pearle, alacke too timely ſhaded,
Faire creature, kilde too ſoon by Deaths ſharpe ſting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall ſhould be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cauſe I haue,
For why; thou lefts me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou lefts me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee,
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

VEnus with Adonis ſitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle ſhade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god embrac't me,
And then ſhe clipt Adonis in her armes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god vnlac't me,
As if the boy ſhould vſe like louing charmes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kiſſe and clip me till I run away.

COY

CRabbed age and youth cannot liue together,
Youth is full of pleaſance, Age is full of care,
Youth like ſummer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like ſummer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport, Ages breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame.
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wilde, and age is tame.
Age I do abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my loue my loue is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh ſweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou ſtaies too long.

BEauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A ſhining gloſſe, that vadeth ſodainly,
A flower that dies, when firſt it gins to bud,
A brittle glaſſe, that's broken preſently.
A doubtfull good, a gloſſe, a glaſſe, a flower,
Loſt, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods loſt, are ſeld or never found,
As vaded gloſſe no rubbing will refreſh
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glaſſe no ſymans can redreſſe.
So beauty blemiſht once, for euer loſt,
In ſpite of phiſicke, painting, paine and coſt.

Good night, good reſt, ah neither be my ſhare,
She bad good night, that kept my reſt away,
And daſt me to a cabben hangde with care:
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay,
Farewell (quoth ſhe) and come againe to morrow:
Fare well I could not, for I ſupt with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorne or friendſhip, nill I conſter whether:
'Tmay be ſhe ioyd to ieaſt at my exile,
'Tmay be againe, to make me wander thither.
Wander (a word) for ſhadowes like my ſelfe,
As take the paine, but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East,
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning riſe
Doth ſcite each mouing ſence from idle reſt,
Not daring truſt the office of mine eies.
While *Philomele* ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her layes were tuned like the Larke.

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drines away darke dreaming night:
The night ſo packt, I poſt vnto my pretty.
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wiſhed ſight,
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, and ſolace mixt with ſorrow,
For why, ſhe ſigh't, and bad me come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoone,
But now are minutes added to the houres:
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeemes an houre,
Yet not for me, ſhine Sunne to ſuccour flowers.
Pack night, peepe day, good day of night now borrow,
Short night to night, and length thy ſelfe to morrow.

SONNETS

To sundry notes of Musicke.

AT LONDON
Printed by W. Iaggard.
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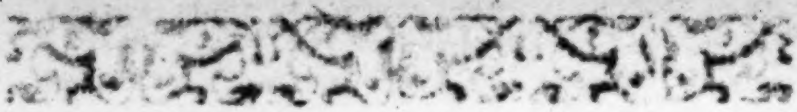
IT was a Lordings daughter,
The faireſt one of three
That liked of her maiſter, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman,
The faireſt eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull,
That loue with loue did fight,
To leaue the maiſter loueleſſe, or kill the gallant Knight,
To put in practiſe eyther, alas it was a ſpite
Vnto the ſilly damſell.
But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vſed, to turne them both to gaine,
For of the two the truſty knight was
Wounded with diſdaine,
Alas ſhe could not helpe it.
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning, did beare the maid away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my ſong is ended.

ON a day (alacke the day)
Loue whoſe month was euer May.
Spied a bloſſome paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the veluet leaues the wind
All vnſeene gan paſſage find,
That the louer (ſicke to death)
Wiſht himſelfe the heauens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo :
But (alas) my hand hath ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth vnmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet,
Thou for whom Ioue would ſweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himſelfe for Ioue
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

ON a day (alacke the day)
Loue vvholé month was cleare from May.
Spied a blossome passing fayre.
Playing in the vvanton ayre.
Through the vvindowes vvherein it vvould
All vvelcome gentle guiltlesse wind.
That the louer (thinke to be)
VVas likewise tost & blowen out of.
Aire (quoth he) thy cleare shyne bookes,
Aire, vvould I vvere cleare vvith thee.
Out (alas) this cannot bee.
Vnlesse thou plucke thee from thy tree.
Vow (alacke) for youth vnmeete.
Youth, I doe confesse you sweete.
Yet vvithout the fruite vvhose loue vvould vvaste.
Vaine but in Ethiope were.
And dewy minutes for loue
Turning moments in thy eye.

MY flockes feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams ſpeed not, all is amis:
Loue is dying, Faithes defying,
Harts denying, cauſer of this.
All my merry iigges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is loſt (god wot)
Where her faith was firmely fixt in loue,
There a nay is p'ac't without remoue.
One ſilly croſſe, wrought all my loſſe,
O frowning fortune curſed fickle dame,
For now I ſee, inconſtancy,
More in women then in men remaine.

In blacke morne I, all feares ſcorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell ſpeeding, fraughted with gall.
My ſhepheards pipe can ſound no deale,
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtaile Dogge that wont to haue plaid,
Plaies not all but ſeemes afraid.
With ſighes ſo deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling wiſe, to ſee my dolefull plight,
How ſighes reſound through hardes ground
Like a thouſand vanquiſht men in bloudie fight.



Cleare wels ſpring not, ſweete birds ſing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Heards ſtands weeping, flockes all ſleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully:
All our pleaſure knowne to vs poore ſwaines;
All our merry meetings on the plaines,
All our euening ſport from vs is fled,
All our loue is loſt, for loue is dead,
Farewell ſweet loue thy like neere was,
For a ſweet content the cauſe of all my woe,
Poore *Coridon* muſt liue alone,
Other helpe for him I ſee that there is none.

Clare is sighing not, Iweetly sighing not,
Greene bay is singing not, sweetly singing not,
Heard I the lovely weeping Doris all sleepie,
Nimphs black weeping sorrowfully:
All our pleasure knowes to vs poore swains:
All our merry meetings on the plaines,
All our country sports are fled,
All our loue is lost for loue is dead,
Farre all true loue: thy like neere was,
For a world cannot the cause of all my woe,
Poore Corin must liue alone:
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.

WHen as thine eye hath choſe the Dame,
And ſtalde the deare that thou ſhouldſt ſtrike,
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (party all might)
Take counſell of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy toung with filed talke,
Leaſt ſhe ſome ſubtill practiſe ſmell,
A Cripple ſoone can finde a halt.
But plainly ſay thou louſt her well,
And ſet her perſon forth to ſale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight,
And twice deſire yer it be day,
That which with ſcorne ſhe put away.

What though she striue to try her strength,
And ban and braule, and say thee nay:
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
Had women beene so strong as men
In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy waies,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desart may merit praise
By ringing in thy Ladies eare;
The strongest castle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with attired trust,
And in thy suite be humble true,
Vnlesse thy Lady proue vniust,
Presse neuer thou to chuse a new:
When time shall serue, be thou not slacke,
To proffer though she put it backe.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Dissembled with an outward shew:
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads them shall not know,
Haue you not heard it said full oft,
A Womans nay doth stand for nought.

Thinke women still to strive with men,
To sinne and neuer for to Saint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint,
Were kisses all the ioyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,
Least that my mistresse heare my song,
She will not stick to round me on th'ere,
To teach my toung to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To heare her secrets so bewraid.

LIue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Riuers by whose tales
Melodious birds sing Madrigales.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.

A belt of straw and Yuye buds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Then liue with me and be my Loue.

Loues answere.

IF that the world and Loue were young,
And truth in euery shepheards toung,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be my Loue.

† This poem was written by Christopher Marlowe.

AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beasts did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:
Euery thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
She (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to heare her ſo complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine:
For her griefes ſo liuely ſhowne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Senſleſſe *Trees*, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthleſſe Beares, they will not cheere thee.
King *Pandion*, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe ſing,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.

Whilſt as fickle Fortune ſmilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild,
Euery one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſerie:
Words are eaſie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Euery man will be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crownes be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want,
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with ſuch-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will intice.
If to women he be bent,
They haue at Commandement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before,
Vse his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeede,
He will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrow, he will weepe:
If thou wake, he cannot sleepe:
Thus of euery griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
These are certaine signes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flattring foe.

The amorous Epiſtle of *Paris* to *Hellen*.

HEalth vnto *Ledaes* daughter, *Priams* ſon,
Sends in theſe lines, whole health cannot be won
But by your guift, in whoſe power it may lie,
To make me whole or ſicke; to liue, or die:
Shall I then ſpeake? Or doth my flame appeare
Plaine without Index? Oh, tis that I feare:
My Loue without diſcouering ſmile takes place,
And more then I could wiſh ſhines in my face.
When I could rather in my thoughts deſire
To hide the ſmoake, til time diſplay the fire:
Time that can make the fire of Loue ſhine cleare,
Vntroubled with the miſty ſmoake of feare:
But I diſſemble it, for who I pray
Can fire conceale, that will it ſelfe betray?
Yet if you looke, I ſhould affirme that plaine
In words, which in my countenance I maintaine:
I burne, I burne, my faults I haue confeſt,
My words beare witneſſe how my lookes tranſgreſt:
Oh pardon me that haue confeſt my error,

Caſt

All the poems from here to the end were written by Thomas

Heywood, and printed in his Britains Troy, 1609.

Caſt not vpon my lines a looke of terror,
But as your beauty is beyond compare,
Suite vnto that your lookes (oh you moſt faire,
That you my letter haue receiud by this
The ſuppoſition glads me, and I wiſh
By hope incourag'd, hope that makes me ſtrong
You will receiue me in ſome ſort ere long.
I aske no more then what the Queene of Beauty
Hath promiſt me, for you are mine by duty.
By her I claime you, you for me were made,
And ſhe it was my iourny did perſwade:
Nor Lady thinke your beauty vainely ſought,
I by diuine inſtinct was hether brought,
And to this enterprize, the heauenly powers,
Haue giuen conſent, the Gods proclaime me yours.
I aime at wonders, for I couet you,
Yet pardon me, I aske but whats my due.
Venus her ſelfe my iourney hether led,
And giues you freely to my promiſt bed.
Vnder her ſafe conduct the ſeas I paſt,
Till I arriu'd vpon theſe Coaſts at laſt:
Shipping my ſelfe from the *Sygean* ſhore,

Whence

Whence vnto theſe Confines my courſe I bore:
She made the *Surges* gentle, the winds fayre,
Not marueil whence theſe calmes proceeded are,
Needs muſt ſhe power vpon the ſalt-Seas haue,
That was ſea-borne, created from a waue.
Still may ſhe potent ſtand in her ability,
And as ſhe made the ſeas with much facility
To be through-ſaild, ſo may ſhe calme my heat,
And beare my thoughts to their deſired ſeat:
My flames I found not Here, no, I proteſt
I brought them with me cloſed in my breſt,
My ſelfe tranſported them without Attorney,
Loue was the Motiue to my tedious iourney;
Not bluſtring Winter when he triumpht moſt,
Nor any error droue me to this Coaſt;
Nor led by fortune where the rough winds pleaſe,
Nor Marchant-like for gaine croſt I the Seas:
Fulneſſe of wea'th in all my Fleet I ſee,
I am rich in all things, ſaue in wanting thee.
No ſpoyle of petty Nations my Ship ſeekes,
Nor Land I as a Spie among the *Greeke*s,
What need we? See of all things we haue ſtore,

Compar'd

Compar'd with *Troy* (alas) your *Greece* is poore.
For thee I come, thy fame hath thus farre driuen me,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promiſe giuen me,
I Wiſht thee ere I knew thee, long ago,
Before theſe eyes dwelt on this glorious ſhow:
I ſaw thee in my thoughts, know beautious Dame,
I firſt beheld you with the eyes of Fame,
Nor marvell Lady I was ſtruck ſo farre,
Thus Darts or Arrowes ſent from Bowes of warre
Wound a great diſtance off; ſo was I hit
With a deepe ſmarting wound that ranckles yet,
For ſo it pleaſ'd the Fates, whom leaſt you blame,
Ile tell a true Table to confirme the ſame.
When in my Mothers wombe full ripe I lay,
Ready the firſt houre to behold the day,
And ſhe at point to be deliuered ſtraight,
And to vnlade her of her Royall fraight,
My Birth-houre was delaid, and that ſad night
A fearefull viſion did the Queene affright,
In a ſoones ſtead to pleaſe the aged Sire,
She dreampt ſhe had brought forth a Brand of fire,
Frighted ſhe riſes, and to *Priam* goes,

To

To the old King this ominous dreame ſhe ſhowes:
He to the Prieſt, the Prieſt doth this returne,
That the Child borne ſhall ſtately *Iſlium* burne:
Better then he was ware the Prophet gueſt,
For loe a kindled Brand flames in my breſt,
To preuent Fate a Peſant I was held,
Till my faire ſhape all other Swaines exceld,
And gaue the doubtfull world aſſurance good,
Your *Paris* was deriu'd from royall blood.
Amid the *Idean* Fields there is a place
Remote, full of hie trees, which hide the face
Of the greene mantled Earth, where in thicke rowes,
the Oake, the Elme, the Pine, the Pitch-tree growes:
Heere neuer yet did browze the wanton Ewe,
Nor from this plot the ſlow Oxe licke the dew;
the ſauage Goat that feeds among the Rockes
Hath not graz'd heere, nor any of their Flockes,
Hence the Dardanian walls I might eſpy,
The lofty Towers of *Iſlium* reared hy,
Hence I the Seas might from the firme land ſee,
Which to behold, I leant me to a Tree:
Beleeue me, for I ſpeake but what is true,

Downe from the skie with feathered pynions flew
The Nephew to great *Atlas*, and doth stand
With Golden *Caduceus* in his hand,
This as the Gods to me thought good to show,
I hold it good that you the same should know:
Three Goddesses behind young *Hermes* moue
Great *Iuno*, *Pallas*, and the Queene of *Loue*:
Who as in pompe and pride of gate they passe,
Scarse with their weight they bend the tops of grasse:
Amaz'd I start, and euery sting stands my haire,
When *Maias* Sonne thus saies, abandon feare
Thou curteous Swaine, that to these grouues repairest,
And truely iudge which of these three is fairest:
And least I should this curious sentence shun,
He tels me by *Ioues* sentence all is done.
And to be iudge I no way can eschew,
This hauing saide, vp through the Ayre he flew:
I straight tooke Hart a grace, and grew more bold,
And there their beauties one by one behold.
Why am I made the iudge to giue this dome?
Me thinks all three are worthy to o'recome:
To iniure two such Beauties what young dare?

Or

Or preferre one where they be all ſo faire?
Now this ſeemes faireſt, now againe another,
Now would I ſpeake, and now my thoughts I ſmother.
And yet at length the praiſe of one moſt ſounded,
And from that one my preſent Loue is grounded:
The Goddeſſes out of their earneſt care
And pride of Beauty to be held moſt faire,
Seeke with large Armes, and gifts of wondrous price,
To their owne thoughts my cenſure to intice.
Iuno the Wife of *Ioue* doth firſt inchant me,
To iudge her faireſt, ſhe a Crowne will grant me.
Pallas her Daughter, next doth vndertake me,
Giue her the price, and valiant ſhe will make me.
I ſtraight deuiſe which can moſt pleaſure bring,
To be a valiant Souldier, or a King.
Laſt *Venus* ſmiling came with ſuch a grace,
As if ſhe ſwayed an Empire in her face.
Let not (ſaid ſhe) theſe guifts the Conqueſt beare,
Combats and Kingdomes are both fraught with feare.
Ile giue thee what thou loueſt beſt, (louely Swaine,)
The faireſt Saint that doth on earth remaine
Shalbe thine owne, make thou the Gods thy mine,
Faire *Ledaes* faireſt Daughter ſhalbe thine.

This

This said, when with my selfe I had deuised,
And her rich guift and beauty ioyntly prised:
Venus victor, ore the rest is plac'st,
Iuno and *Pallas* leatie the Mount disgrac'st,
Meane time my Fates a prosperous course had run,
And by knowne signes king *Priam* cald me Son:
the day of my restoring is kept holy
Among the Saints-daies, consecrated soly
to my remembrance, being a day of ioy,
For euer in the Kalenders of *Troy*.
As I wish you I haue bin wisht by others,
the faireſt maids by me would haue bin Mothers,
Of all my fauours I bestow'd not any,
You enely may inioy the Loues of many:
Nor by the Daughters of great Dukes and Kings
Haue I alone bin sought, whose marriage Rings
I haue turn'd backe, but by a straine more hie,
By Nimphs and Phairies, such as neuer die.
No sooner were you promist as my due;
But I (all hated) to remember you
Waking, I saw your Image, if I dreampt,
Your beauteous figure still appear'd to tempt

And vrge this voyage: Till your face excelling
These eyes beheld, my dreames were all of *Hellen*.
Imagine how your face should now incite me,
Being seene, that vnseene did so much delight me:
If I was scorcht so farre off from the Fyer,
How am I burnt to Cinders thus much nyer:
Nor could I longer owe my selfe this treasure,
But through the Ocean I must search my pleasure,
The *Phrygian* Hatchets to the rootes are put
Of the *Idean* Pines, (asunder cut)
The Wood-land Mountaine yeilded me large fees,
Being despoyl'd of all her tallest Trees
From whence we haue squar'd out vn-numbred beames,
That must be washt within the Marine streames:
The grounded Oakes are bowed, though stuffe as steele,
And to the tough Ribs is the bending Keele
Wouen by Ship-wrights craft, then the Maine-mast,
A crosse whose middle is the Saile yard plast.
Tackles and sailes, and next you may discerne,
Our painted Gods vpon the hooked sterne:
The God that beares me on my happy way,
And is my gude, is *Cupid*: Now the day

In which the laſt ſtroke of the Hammer's heard
Within our Navy, in the Eaſt appeard,
And I muſt now launch forth, (ſo the Fates pleaſe)
to ſeeke aduentures in the *Egean* Seas.
My Father and my Mother moue delay,
And by intreaties would inforce my ſtay:
they hang about my necke, and with their teares
Woo me deferre my iourney: but their feares
Can haue no power to keepe me from thy ſight:
And now *Caſſandra* full of ſad affright,
With looſe diſheuel'd Tramels, madly skips,
Iuſt in the way betwixt me and my Ships:
Oh, whether wilt thou head-long run, ſhe cries?
thou beareſt fire with thee, whoſe ſmoake vp-flies
Vnto the heauens (Oh *Ihone*) thou little feareſt
What quenchleſſe flames thou through the water beareſt.
Caſſandra was too true a Propheteſſe,
Her quenchleſſe flames ſhe ſpake of (I confeſſe,)
My hot deſires burne in my breaſt ſo faſt,
that no Red Furnace hotter flames can caſt.
I paſſe the City gates, my Barke I boord,
the fauourable winds calme gales afford,

And

And fill my ſailes, vnto your Land I ſteare,
For whether elſe (hir course) ſhould *Paris* beare:
Your Husband entertaines me as his gueſt,
And all this hapneth by the Gods beheſt:
He ſhewes me all his Paſtures, parks, and Fields,
And euery rare thing *Lacedemon* yeilds,
He holds himſelfe much pleaſed with my being,
And nothing hides, that he eſteems worth ſeeing.
I am on fire, till I behold your face,
Of all *Achayas* Kingdome, the ſole-grace:
All other curious Obiects I deſie,
Nothing but *Hellen* can content mine eie,
Whom when I ſaw, I ſtood transformd with wonder,
Senceleſſe, as one ſtroke dead by *Ioues* ſharpe Thunder:
As I reuiue, my eyes I rowle and turne,
Whilſt my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burne:
Euen ſo (as I remember,) lookt Loues Queene,
When ſhe was laſt in *Phrygian Ida* ſeene,
Vnto which place by Fortune I was trained,
Where by my cenſure ſhe the Conqueſt gained:
But had you made a fourth in that contention,
Of *Venus* beauty, there had bin no mention:

Hellen assuredly had borne from all
The price of beauty, the bright Golden Ball.
Onely of you may this your Kingdome boast,
By you it is renown'd in euery Coast:
Rumor hath euery where your beautie blazed,
In what remote Clyme is not *Hellen* prais'ed?
From the bright Eastern Suns vprise, Inquire
Euen to his downfall. where he slakes his fire,
There liues not any of your Sex that dare,
Contend with you that are proclaimd so faire;
Trust me, for truth I speake: Nay whats most true,
to sparingly the world hath spoke of you:
Fame that hath vndertooke your name to blaze,
Plaid but the enuious Huswife in your praise:
More then report could promise, or fame blazon,
Are these Deuine perfections that I gaze on:
these were the fame that made Duke *Theseus* lauish,
Who in thy prime and Nonage did thee rauish;
A worthy Rape for such a worthy Man,
Thrice happy Rauisher, to ceize thee than
When thou wert stript starke naked to the skin,
(A sight, of force to make the Gods to sin:)

Such

Such is your Countries guiſe at ſeaſons when
With naked Ladies they mixt naked Men,
That he did ſteale thee from thy Friends, I praiſe him,
And for that deed, I to the Heauens will raiſe him:
that he return'd thee backe. by *Ihone* I wonder,
Had I bin *Theſeus*, he that ſhould aſſonder
Haue parted vs, or ſnacht thee from my bed,
Firſt from my ſhoulders ſhould haue par'd my head.
So rich a purchaſe, ſuch a glorious pray,
Should contantly haue bin detai'nd for aye.
Could theſe my ſtrong Armes poſſibly vnclaſpe,
Whilſt in their amorous Foulds they *Hellen* graſpe,
Neither by free conſtraint, nor by free-giuing,
Could you depart that compaſſe, and I liuing:
But if by rough inforce I muſt reſtore you,
Some fruits of Loue, (which I ſo long haue bore you,)
I firſt would reape, and ſome ſweet fauour gaine,
That all my ſuite were not beſtow'd in vaine:
Either with me you ſhould abide and ſtay,
Or for your paſſe your maiden-head ſhould pay.
Or ſay I ſpar'd you that, yet would I try
What other fauour, I could elſe come by,

All that belongs to loue, *I* would not misse,
You should not let me both to clip and kisse.
Giue me your heart faire Queene, my hart you owe,
And what my resolution is you know:
Till the last fire my breathlesse body take,
the fire within my breast can neuer slake.
Before large kingdomes I preferd your face,
And *Iunoes* loue, and potent gifts disgrace.
to fold you in my amorous Armes *I* chusd,
And *Pallas* vertues scornefully refusd.
When they with *Venus* in the Hil of *Ide*,
Made me the iudge their beauties to decide,
Nor do I yet repent me, hauing tooke
Beauty: and strength: and Scepter'd rule forsooke:
Methinkes I chusd the best, (nor thinke it strange)
I still persist, and neuer meane to change;
Onely that my imployment be not vain,
Oh you more worth then any Empires gaine.
Let me intreat, least you my byrth should scorne
Or parentage: know I am Royall borne.
By marrying me, you shall not wrong your State,
Nor be a wife to one degenerate.

Search

Search the Records where we did first begin,
And you shall find the Pleyads of our Kin:
Nay *Iboue* himselfe, all others to forbeare,
That in our stocke renowned Princes were:
My father of all *Asia* raignes sole-King,
Whose boundlesse Coast scarce any feathered wing
Can giue a girdle too, a happier Land
A neighbor to the Ocean cannot stand:
there in a narrow compasse you may see
Cities and Towers, more then may numbred be,
the houses guilt, rich Temples that excell,
And you will say I neere the great Gods dwell.
You shall behold hie *Ilions* loftie Towers.
And *Troye*, braue Wals built by Immortall powers,
But made by *Phebus* the great God of fire,
And by the touch of his melodious *Lyer*.
If we haue people to inhabite, when
the sad earth grones to beare such troopes of men
Iudge *Hellen*, Likewise when you come to Land,
the *Asian* women shall admiring stand,
Saluting thee with welcome, more and lesse
In preasing throngs and numbers, numberlesse:

More then our Courts can hold of you (moſt faire)
You to your ſelfe will ſay, alaſſe, how baire
And poore *Achaya* is, when with great pleaſure,
You ſee each houſe containe a Cities Treaſure.
Miſtake me not I *Sparta* do not ſcorne,
I hold the Land bleſt where my loue was borne:
Though barren elſe, rich *Sparta Hellen* bore,
And therefore I that prouince muſt adore;
Yet is your Land me thinkes but leane and empty,
You worthy of a Clyme that flowes with plenty
Full Troy I proſtrate, it is yours by duty,
This petty-ſeat becomes not your rich beauty;
Attendance, Preparation, Curtſie, State,
Fit ſuch a Heauenly forme, on which ſhould waite,
Coſt, Freſh variety, Delicious diet,
Pleaſure, Contentment, and Luxurious ryet,
What Ornaments we vſe, what faſhions faigne,
You may perceiue by me and my proud traine,
Thus we attire our men, but with more coſt
Of Gold and Pearle, the rich Gownes are Imboſt
Of our chiefe Ladies, gueſſe by what you ſee,
You may be ſoone induc'it to credit me.

Be tractable faire *Spartan*, nor contemne
A *Troyan* borne, deriu'd from Royall stemme:
He was a *Troyan* and allyde to *Hector*,
That waits vpon *Ioues* cup, and fils him *Nectar*:
A *Troyan* did the faire *Aurora* wed,
And nightly slept within her Rosean bed:
The Goddesse that ends night and enters day.
From our faire *Troyan* Coast stole him away,
Anchises was a *Troyan*, whom Louer Queene,
(Making the Trees of *Ida* a thicke Screene
Twixt Heauen and her) oft lay with, view me well,
I am a *Troyan* too, in *Troy* I dwell.
Thy Husband *Menelaus* hether bring,
Compare our shapes, our yeares, and euery thing
I make you iudgesse, wrong me if you can,
You needs must say I am the properer man:
None of my line hath turn'd the Sun to blood,
And rob'd his Steeds of their Ambrosiall food:
My Father grew not from the *Caucasse* Rocke,
Nor shall I graft you in a bloody Stocke:
Priam nere wrong'd the guiltlesse soule, or further,
Made the *Myrtoan* Sea looke red with murther.

Nor

Nor thirſteth my great Grand-ſire in the Lake
Of *Lethe*, Chin-deepe, yet no thirſt can ſlake:
Nor after ripened Apples vainely skips,
Who flie him ſtill, and yet ſtill touch his lips;
But what of this? If you be ſo deriu'd,
You notwithſtanding are no right depriu'd:
You grace your Stocke, and being ſo deuine,
Ihoue is of force compeld into your Line.
Oh miſchiefe! Whilſt I vainely ſpeake of this,
Your Husband all vnworthy of ſuch bliſſe
Inioyes you this-long night, enfolds your waſt,
And where he liſt may boldly touch and taſt.
So when you ſat at Table, many ſtoy,
Paſſeth betweene you my vext ſoule t'annoy,
At ſuch hie feaſts I wiſh my enemy ſit
Where diſcontent attendes on euery bit,
I neuer yet was plac'ſt at any Feaſt,
But oft it irkt me that I was your Gueſt:
that which offends me moſt thy rude Lord knowes,
For ſtill his arme about thy necke he throwes,
Which I no ſooner ſpy but I grow mad,
And hate the man, whoſe courting makes me ſad:

Shall

Shall I be plaine? I am ready to ſinke downe
When I behold him wrap you in his Gowne,
While you ſit ſmiling on his amorous knee,
His fingers preſſe, where my hands itch to bee.
But when he hugs you I am for'ſt to frowne,
the meat I'am eating will by no meanes downe,
But ſtickes halfe way, amidſt theſe diſcontents,
I haue obſeru'd you laugh at my laments,
And with a ſcornefull, yet a wanton ſmile
Deride my ſighes and grones, oft to beguile
My paſſions, and to quench my fiery rage,
By quaffing healths I'haue thought my flames t'aſſwage.
But *Bacchus* full cups make my flame burne hyer,
Add wine to loue: and you adde fire to fire.
to ſhun the ſight of many a wanton feat,
Betwixt your Lord and you, I ſhift my ſeat,
And turne my head, but thinking of your grace,
Loue skrewes my head to gaze backe on your face.
What were I beſt to do? To ſee you play
Mads me, and I perforce muſt turne away,
And to forbeare the place where you abide,
Would kill me dead ſhould I but ſtart aſide:

As much as lyes in me I ſtriue to berry
The ſhape of Loue, in mirths ſpight I ſeeme merry:
But oh, the more I ſeeke it to ſuppreſſe,
The more my blabbing lookes my loue profeſſe.
You know my Loue which I in vaine ſhould hide,
Would God it did appeare to none beſide,
Oh *Ibone* how often haue I turnd my cheeke,
To hide th'apparant tenres that paſſage ſeeke
From forth my eies, and to a corner ſtept,
Leaſt any man ſhould aske wherefore I wept:
How often haue I told you pitious tales,
Of conſtant Louers, and how Loue preuailes:
When ſuch great heed to my diſcourſe I tooke,
That euery accent ſuited to your looke.
In forged names my ſelfe I repreſented,
The Louer ſo perplext and ſo tormented,
If you will know? Behold I am the ſame,
Paris was meant in that true Louers name:
As often, that I might the more ſecurely
Speake looſe immodeſt words, that ſound impurely,
That they offenceleſſe might your ſweet eares tutch,
I haue liſpt them out, like one had drunke too much:

One

Once I remember, your looſe vayle betraid
Your naked ſkin, and a fayre paſſage made
To my inamored eye, Oh skin much brighter
Then ſnow, or pureſt milke, in colour whiter
then your faire mother *Leda*, when *Ibane* grac'ſt her,
And in the ſhape of Feathered Swan imbrac'ſt her:
Whilſt at this rauiſhing ſight I ſtood amazed,
And without interruption freely gazed,
the wreathed handle of the Boule I graſpt,
Fell from my hold, my ſtrengthleſſe hand vnclaſpt.
A Goblet at that time I held by chance,
And downe it fell, for I was in a trance.
Kiſſe your ſaire Daughter, and to her I ſkip,
And ſnatch your kiſſes from your ſweet Childs lip.
Sometimes I throw my ſelfe along, and lie,
Singing Loue-ſongs, and if you caſt your eie
On my effeminate geſture, I ſtill find
Some pretty couered ſignes to ſpeake my mind,
And then my earneſt ſuit bluntly inuades
Aethra and *Climenes* your two chiefe maides,
But they returne me anſweres full of feare,
And to my motions lend no further eare.

Oh

Oh that you were the prize of ſome great ſtrife,
And he that wins, might claime you for his wife;
Hyppomanes with ſwift *Atlanta* ran,
And at one courſe the Goale and Lady wan,
Euen ſhe, by whom ſo many Suters periſht,
Was in the boſome of her new Loue cheriſht.
So *Hercules* for *Deyaneira* ſtroue,
Brake *Achelous* horne, and gaind his loue,
Had I ſuch liberty: ſuch freedome graunted,
My reſolution neuer could be daunted,
Your ſelfe ſhould find, and all the world ſhould ſee,
Hellen (a prize alone) reſerv'd for me.
There is not left me any meanes (moſt faire)
To Court you now, but by intreats and praire,
Vnleſſe (as it becomes me) you thinke meet,
That I ſhould proſtrate fall, and kiſſe your feet:
Oh, al the honour that our laſt Age wins,
Then glory of the two *Tindarian* Twins,
Worthy to be Ihoues Wife, in heauen to raigne,
Were you not Ihoues owne Daughter, of his ſtraine.
To the *Sygean* confines I will carry thee,
And in the Temple of great Pallas marry thee:

Or

Or in this Iſland where I vent my mones,
Ile beg a Toombe for my exiled bones:
My wound is not a ſlight race with an arrow,
But it hath peirſt my hart, and burnt my marrow,
this Propheſie my Siſter oft hath ſounded,
that by an heauenly Dart I ſhould be wounded:
Oh then forbeare (Faire Hellen) to oppoſe you
Againſt the Gods, they ſay I ſhall not loſe you:
Yeeld you to their beheaſt, and you ſhall find,
the Gods to your petitions likewiſe kind.
A thouſand things at once are in my braine,
Which that I may eſſentially complaine,
And not in papers empty all my head,
Anon at night receiue me to your bed.
Bluſh you at this! or Lady doe you feare
To violate the Nuptiall lawes auſteare?
Oh (ſimple Hellen) Fooliſh, I might ſay,
What profite reape you to be Chaſt I pray?
Iſt poſſible, that you a world to winne,
Should keepe that face? that beauty, without ſinne?
Rather you muſt your glorious face exchange
For one (leſſe Faire) or elſe not ſeeme ſo ſtrange:

Beauty

Beauty and Chastity at variance are,
tis hard to finde one Woman chast and faire,
Venus will not haue beauty ouer aw'de,
Hir *Ihone* himselfe, stolne pleasures will applaude,
And by such theeuish pastimes we may gather,
How *Ihone* gainst Wedlocks lawes, became your father:
He and your mother *Lede* both transgrest
When you were got she bare a tender breast.
What glory can you gaine Loues sweets to smother?
Or to be counted Chaster then your mother?
Professe strick chastity, when with great ioy,
I lead you as my Bride-espousd through *Troy*;
then I intreat you raine your pleasures in,
I wish thy *Paris* may be all thy sinne.
If *Cithyrea* her firme Couenant keepe,
though I within your bosome nightly sleepe,
We shall not much misdoo, but so offend,
that we by marriage may our guilt amend.
Your husband hath himselfe this businesse ayded,
And though (not with his young) he hath perswaded
By all his deeds (as much) least he should stay
Our private meetings, he is fatre away

Of

Of purpoſe rid vnto the farthеſt Weſt,
That he might leaue his wife vnto his gueſt.
No fitter time he could haue found to viſit
The *Chriſean* royall Scepter, and to ceize it:
Oh, ſimple ſimple Husband: but hees gone,
And going, left you this to thinke vpon.
Faire wife (quoth he) I prethe in my place,
Regard the *Troyan* Prince, and do him grace:
Behold, a witneſſe I againſt you ſtand,
You haue beene careleſſe of this kinde command.
Count from his firſt daies iourney, neuer ſince
Did you regard or grace the *Troyan* Prince;
What thinke you of your Husband? that he knowes
The worth and value of the face he owes?
Who (but a Foole) ſuch beauty would indanger,
Or truſt it to the mercy of a Stranger.
Then (royall Queene) if neither may intreat
My quenchleſſe paſſion, nor Loues raging heate
Can win you, we are wooed both to this crime,
Euen by the fit aduantage of the time,
Either to Loues ſweet ſport we muſt agree,
Or ſhew our ſelues to be worſe fooles then he.

He tooke you by the hand the hower he rode,
And knowing, I with you muſt make abode,
Brings you to me, What ſhould I further ſay?
It was his minde to giue you quite away.
What meant he elſe? Then lets be blithe and iolly,
And make the beſt vſe of your Husbands folly:
What ſhould we doe? Your husband is farre gone,
And this colde night (poore ſoule) you lie alone:
I want a bedfellow, ſo doe we eather,
What lets vs then, but that we lie together.
You ſlumbring thinke on me, On you I dreame,
Both our deſires are feruent, and extreame.
Sweet, then appoint the night. Why doe you ſtay?
Oh night, more clearer then the brighteſt day,
Then I dare freely ſpeake, proteſt, and ſweare,
And of my vowes the Gods ſhall record beare.
Then will I ſeale the contract, and the ſtrife,
From that day forward, we are man and Wife:
Then queſtionleſſe I ſhall ſo farre perſwade,
That you with me ſhall *Troyes* ritch Coaſt invade,
And with your *Phrygian* gueſt at laſt agree,
Our potent Kingdome and rich Crowne to ſee.

But if you (blushing) feare the vulger bruit,
That sayes, you follow me, to me make suite,
Feare it not *Hellen*; Ile so worke with Fame,
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.
Duke *Theseus* was my instance, and so were
Your brothers Lady, Can I come more neare
To ensample my attempts by? *Theseus* haled
Hellen perforce: Your brothers they preuayled
With the *Leucippian* Sisters: now from these
Ile count my selfe the fourth (if *Hellen* please.)
Our *Troian* Navy rides vpon the Coast,
Rig'd, arm'd, and Man'd, and I can proudly boast
The bankes are high, Why doe you longer stay?
The windes and Oares are ready to make way.
You shall be like a high Maiesticke Queene,
Led through the *Dardan* Citty, and be seene
By millions, who your State having commended,
Will (wondring) sweare, some Goddesse is descended.
Where ere you walke the Priests shall incence burne,
No way you shall your eie or body turne
But sacrificed beasts the ground shall beare,
And bright religious fires the Welkin heate.

My father, mother, brother, sisters: all
Ilium and *Troy* in pompe maiesticall,
Shall with rich guifts present you (but alasse)
Not the least part (so farre they doe surpasse)
Can my Epistle speake, you may behold
More then my words or writings can vnfold
Nor feare the bruit of warre, or threatning Steele,
When we are fled: to dogge vs at the heele:
Or that all *Graecia* will their powers vnite,
Of many rauisht, can you one recite,
Whom warre re-purchast? These be ydle feares,
Rough blustering *Boreas* faire *Orithea* beares
Vnto the Land of *Thrace*, yet *Threece* still free,
And *Athens* raisd no rude Hostility.
In winged *Pegasus* did *Iason* saile,
And from great *Colchos* he *Medea* stale:
Yet *Thessaly* you see can shew no scar
Of former wounds in the *Thessalian* warre.
He that first rausht your: In such a Fleet
As ours is, *Ariadne* brought from *Creet*:
Yet *Minos* and Duke *Theseus* were agreed,
About that quarrell, not a breast did bleede

Lesse

Leſſe is the daunger (truſt me) then the feare
That in theſe vaine and ydle doubts appeare.
But ſay rude warre ſhould be proclaimde at length,
Know, I am valiant, and haue ſinowie ſtrength.
The weapons that I vſe are apt to kill,
Aſia beſides, more ſpacious fields can fiill
With armed men then *Greece*, amongſt vs are
More perfect Souldiers, more beaſts apt for war:
Nor can thy husband *Menelaus* be
Of any high ſpirit and Magnanimity,
Or ſo well prou'd in Armes: for *Hellen* I
Being but a Lad, haue made my enemies fly,
Re-gaind the prey from out the hands of Theeues,
Who had diſpoild our Heards, and ſtolne our Beeues.
By ſuch aduentures I my name obtained,
(Being but a Lad) the conqueſt I haue gained
Of young men in their prime, who much could do,
Deiphobus, *Ilioneus* to,
Haue orecome in many ſharpe contentions,
Nor thinke theſe are my vaine and forg'd inuentions,
Or that I only hand to hand can fight,
My arrowes when I pleaſe ſhall touch the white.

I am expert in the Quarrey and the Bow,
You cannot boast your hardelle husband so.
Had you the power in all things to supply me,
And should you nothing in the World denay me,
to giue me such a *Hector* to my brother
You could not. The earth beares not such another:
By him alone all *Asia* is well mand,
He like an enemy against *Greece* shall stand
Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore striue you,
You do not know his valour that must wiue you.
Or what hid worth is in me, but at length
You will confesse when you haue prou'd my strength:
thus either war shall still our steps pursue,
Or *Greece* shall fall in *Troyes* all-conquering view:
Nor would I feate for such a royall Wife,
to set the Vniuerlall world at strife?
to gaine rich Prizes, men will venter farre,
the hope of purchase makes vs bold in warre,
If all the world about you should contend,
Your name would be eternized without end,
Only be bold, and feateleſſe may we saile
Into my Countrey, with a prosperous gale,
If the Gods grant me my expected day,
I to the full shall all these Couenants pay.

Hellen to *Paris*

NO sooner came mine eye vnto the sight
Of thy rude Lines, but I must needes re-wright.
Dar'st thou (Oh shamelesse) in such heynous wise,
the Lawes of Hospitality despise?
And being a stranger, from thy Countries reach,
Solicite a chast wife to Wedlocks breach?
Was it for this, our free *Tenarian* Port,
Receiu'd thee and thy traine, in friendly sort?
And when great *Neptune* nothing could appease,
Gaue thee safe harbour from the stormy Seas?
Was it for this, our Kingdomes armies spread wide,
to entertaine thee from the waters side?
Yet thou of forren soyle remote from hence,
A stranger, comming we scarce knew from whence.
Is periur'd wrong the recompence of right?
Is all our friendship guerdond with despight?
I doubt me then, whether in our Court doth tarry,
A friendly guest, or a fierce aduersary:

Nor blame me, for if iuſtly you conſider,
And theſe preſumptions well compare togither,
So ſimple my complaint will not appeare,
But you your ſelfe muſt needs excuſe my feare.
Well, hold me ſimple, much it matters not,
Whilſt I preſerue my chaſt name farre from ſpot,
For when I ſeeme toucht with a baſhful ſhame,
It ſhewes how highly I regard my Fame:
For when I ſeeme ſad, my countenance is not fained,
And when I lower, my looke is vnconſtrained.
But ſay my brow be clouy, my name's cleere,
And reuerently you ſhall of *Helen* heere:
No man from me adulterate ſpoyles can win,
For to this houre I haue ſported without ſin,
Which makes me in my heart the more to wonder,
What hope you haue in time to bring me vnder.
Or from mine eie what comfort thou canſt gather
To pitty thee, and not deſpiſe thee rather:
Becauſe once *Theſeus* hurried me from hence,
And did to me a kind of violence,
Followes it therefore, I am of ſuch price,
That rauiſht once, I ſhould be rauiſht twice:

Was

Was it my fault, becauſe I ſtriu'd in vaine,
And wanted ſtrength his fury to reſtraine?
He flattered and ſpake faire, I ſtrugled ſtill,
And what he got, was much againſt my will,
Of all his toyle, he reapt no wiſhed fruit,
For with my wrangling I withſtood his ſute,
At length, I was reſtor'd, vntouch't and cleere,
In all my Rape, I ſuffered naught (ſaue feare)
A few vntoward kiſſes, he (God wot)
Dry, without rhelliſh, by much ſtriuing got.
And them with much adoo, and to his coſt,
Of further fauours, he could neuer boaſt:
I doubt your purpoſe aymes at greater bliſſes,
And hardly would alone be pleaſd with kiſſes.
Thou haſt ſome further ayme, and ſeekſt to do
What (*Thoue* defend) I ſhould conſent vnto:
He bare not thy bad mind, but did reſtore me,
Vnblemiſht, to the place from whence he bore me.
The youth was baſhfull, and thy boldneſſe lackt,
And tis well knowne. repented his boldfact:
Theſeus repented, ſo ſhould *Paris* do,
Succeed in Loue, and in repentance to;

Nor

Nor am I angry: Who can angry be
With him that loues her? If your hart agree
With your kinde words, your ſuite *I* could applaude,
So I were ſure your lines were void of fraude.
I caſt not theſe ſtrange doubts or this diſpence
Like one that were bereft all confidence:
Nor that I with my ſelfe am in diſgrace,
Or do not know the beauty of my face:
But becauſe too much truſt hath damag'd ſuch
As haue beleeu'd men in their loues too much.
And now the generall toung of woman ſaith,
Mens words are full of Treaſon, void of faith.
Let others ſinne, and howers in pleaſure waſt,
tis rare to find the ſober Matron chaſt:
Why, ſay it be that ſinne preuailes with fayre ones,
May not my name be rank't among the rare ones?
Becauſe my mother *Leda* was beguilde,
Muſt I ſtray too, that am her eldeſt childe?
I muſt confeſſe, my mother made a rape,
But *Ihone* beguild her in a borrowed ſhape,
When ſhe (poore ſoule) nor dreampt of god nor man,
He troad her like a milke-white feathered Swan:

She

She was deceiu'd by error, if I yeild
to your vniuſt requeſt, nothing can ſhield
Me from reproach, I cannot plead concealing,
t'was in her, error: tis in me plaine dealing:
She happily err'd, He that her honour ſpilt,
Had in himſelfe full power to ſalue the guilt;
Her error happyed me to (I confeſſe)
If to be *Iheues* childe, be a happineſſe:
To omit high *Iheue*, of whom I ſtand in awe,
As the great Grandfire to our Father in Lawe,
to paſſe the kinne I claime from *Tantalus*,
From *Pelopes*, and from Noble *Tyndarus*.
Leda by Ihoue in ſhape of Swan beguild,
Her ſelfe ſo chaungde, and by him made with child
Proues Ihoue my father: then you ydely ſtriue
Your name from Gods and Princes to deriue.
What need you of olde *Priam* make relation?
Laomedon or your great *Phrygian* Nation?
Say, all be true: What then? He, of whom moſt
to be of your alliance you ſo boaſt,
Ihoue (fiue degrees at leaſt) from you remoued,
to be the firſt from me, is plainly proued;

And though (as I beleeue well) *Troy* may ſtand
Powerfull by Sea, and full of ſtrength by Land,
And no Dominion to your State ſuperior,
I hold our Clyme nothing to *Troy* inferior:
Say, you in riches paſſe vs, or in number
Of people, whom you boaſt your ſtreets to cumber,
Yet yours a Barbarous Nation is, I tell you,
And in that kind, do we of *Greece* excell you.
Your riich Epiſtle doth ſuch guiſts preſent,
As might the Goddeſſes themſelues content
And woo them to your pleaſures, but if I
Should paſſe the bonds of ſhame, and tread awry
If euer you ſhould put me to my ſhifts,
Your ſelfe ſhould moue me more then all your guiſts:
Or if I euer ſhall tranſgreſſe by ſtealth,
It ſhall be for your ſake, not for your wealth;
But as your guiſts I ſcorne not, ſo ſuch ſeeme
Moſt pretious, where the giuer we eſteeme.
More then your preſence, it ſhall *Helen* pleaſe
That you for her haue paſt the ſtormy Seas,
That ſhe hath cauſde your toyle, that you reſpect her,
And more then all your *Troyan* Dames affect her.

But ye'are a Wág in troth, the notes and ſignes
You make a Table, in the meats and Wines
I haue obſeru'd, when I leaſt ſeemde to minde them,
For at the firſt my curious eie did finde them.
Sometimes (you wanton) your fixt eie aduances
His brightneſſe againſt mine, darting ſweet glaunces,
Outgazing me with ſuch a ſtedfaſt looke,
That my dazd eyes their ſplendor haue forſooke:
And then you ſigh, and by and by you ſtretch
Your amorous arme outright, the bowle to reatch
That next me ſtands, making excuſe to ſip
Juſt in the ſelf-ſame place that kiſt my lip.
How oft haue I obſerud your finger make
Tricks and conceited ſignes, which ſtraight I take?
How often doth your brow your ſmooth thoughts cloke
When (to my ſeeeming) it hath almoſt ſpoke,
And ſtill I fearde my Husband would haue ſpide ye,
In troth you are to blame, and I muſt chide ye:
You are too manifeſt a Louer (Tuſh,)
At ſuch knowne ſignes I could not chooſe but bluſh,
And to my ſelfe I oft was forſt to ſay,
This man at nothings ſhames. Is this (I pray)

Ought

Ought ſaue the truth? Oft times vpon the bord
Where *Hellen* was ingraues, you the word
Amo haue vnder-writ, in new ſpilt wine;
(Good ſooth) at firſt I could not skan the line,
Nor vnderſtand your meaning: Now, (oh ſpight)
My ſelfe am now taught, ſo to Read and write.
Should I offend, as Sinne to me is ſtrange,
theſe blandiſhments haue power chaſt thoughts to change.
Or if *I* could be mou'd to ſtep aſtray
theſe would prouoke me to laſciuious play.
Beſides, I muſt confeſſe, you haue a Face,
So admirably rare, ſo full of grace,
that it hath power to woo, and to make ceaſure
Of the moſt bright chaſt beauties to your pleaſure.
Ytt had I rather ſtaineleſſe keepe my Fame,
then to a ſtranger hazzard my good name.
Make me your inſtance, and forbeare the fare,
Of that which moſt doth pleaſe you, make moſt ſpare.
the greateſt vertues of which wiſe men boaſt,
Is to abſtaine from that which pleaſeth moſt.
How many gallant Youths (thinke you) deſire,
that which you couet? Skorche with the ſelfe-ſame fire?

Are

Are all the world fooles? Only *Paris* wiſe?
Or is there none ſaue you haue iudging eyes?
No, no, you view no more then others ſee,
But you are playner and more bold with me.
You are more earneſt to purſue your game,
I yeeld you not more knowledge, but leſſe ſhame.
I would to God that you had ſayld from *Troy*,
When my Virginity and bed to enioy
A thouſand gallant princely Suters came:
Had I beheld young *Parss*, I proclaime
Of all thoſe thouſand I had made you chiefe,
And *Spartan Menelaus* to his griefe
Should to my cenſure haue ſubſcribe and yeilded,
But now (alaſſe) your hopes are weakely builded.
You couet goods poſſeſt, pleaſures fore-taſted,
Tarde you come, that ſhould before haue haſted.
What you deſire, another claimes as due.
As I could wiſhe t'haue beene eſpouſde to you,
So let me tell you, ſince it is my fate,
I hold me happy in this preſent ſtate.
Then ceaſe fayre Prince, an ydle ſuite to moue
Seeke not to harme her whom you ſeeme to loue:

In my contented ſtate let me be guided,
As both my ſtats and fortunes haue prouided,
Nor in to vaine a queſt your ſpirits toyle,
To ſeeke at my hands an vnworthy ſpoyle.
But ſee how ſoone poore Women are deluded,
Venus her ſelfe this couenant hath concluded,
For in the *Idean* Valleyes you eſpy
Three Goddeſſes, ſtript naked to your eie,
And when the firſt had promiſt you a Crowne,
The ſecond Fortitude and warres renowne,
The third beſpake you thus: Crowne, nor Wars pride
Will I bequeath, but *Hellen* to thy Bride,
I ſcarce beleiue thoſe high immortall Creatures,
Would to your eye expoſe their naked features,
Or ſay the firſt part of your Tale be pute
And meet with truth: The ſecond's falſe I'am ſure,
In which poore I was thought the greateſt meede,
In ſuch a hie cauſe by the Goddes decreed.
I haue not of my beauty ſuch opinion
T'imagine it preferd before Dominion,
Or fortitude: nor can your words perſwade mie
The greateſt gift of all, the Goddeſſe made me.

It

It is enough to me, men praiſe my face,
But from the Goddes, I merit no ſuch grace,
Nor doth the praiſe you charge me with offrend me,
If *Venus* doe not enuiouſly commend me.
But loe I grant you, and imagine true,
Your free report, claiming your praiſe as due.
Who would in pleaſing things call *Fame* a liar,
But giue that credit, which we moſt deſire.
That we haue mou'd theſe doubts be not you grieued,
The greateſt wonders are the leaſt beleeued,
Know then I firſt am pleaſde that *Venus* ought me
Such vndeſerued grace: Next, that you thought me
The greateſt meede: Nor Scepter, nor warres Fame,
Did you preferre before poore *Hellens* name.
(Hard-hart tis time thou ſhouldſt at laſt come downe)
Therefore I am your valour, I your Crowne.
Your kindneſſe conquers me do what I can,
I were hard-harted, not to loue this man;
Obdurate I was neuer, and yet coy,
To fauour him whom I can ner'e enioy.
What profits it the barren ſandes to plow
And in the furrowes our affections ſow.

In the ſweete theft of *Venus* I am rude,
And know not how my Husband to delude;
Now I theſe Loue-lines write, my pen I vow
Is a new office taught, not knowne till now.
Happy are they that in this *Trade* haue skill,
(Alaſſe I am a Foole) and ſhall be ſtill,
And hauing till this houre not ſtept aſtray,
Feare in theſe ſports leaſt I ſhould mis my way.
The feare (no doubt) is greater then the blame
I ſtand confounded and amaz'd with ſhame,
And with the very thought of what you ſeeke,
Thinke euery eye fixt on my guilty cheeke.
Nor are theſe ſuppoſitions meerely vaine,
The murmuring people whiſperingly complaine,
And my maid *Aethra* hath by liſtning, ſlily
Brought me ſuch newes, as toucht mine honour hily:
Wherefore (deare Lord) diſſemble or deſiſt,
Being ouer-eyde, we cannot as we liſt
Faſhion our ſports, our Loues pure harueſt gather,
But why ſhould you deſiſt? diſſemble rather.
Sport, (but in ſecret) ſport where none may ſee,
The greater, but not greateſt liberty

Is limitted to our Lasciuious play.
That *Menalaus* is farre hence away.
My husband about great affaires is poasted,
Leauing his royall gueſt ſecurely hoaſted,
His buſineſſe was important and materiall,
Being imployd about a Crowne *Imperiall*:
And as he now is mounted on his *Steed*,
Ready on his long iourney to proceede,
Euen as he queſtions to depart or ſtay,
Sweet hart (quoth I) oh be not long away;
With that he reacht me a ſweet parting kiſſe,
(How loath he was to leaue me, gheſſe by this.)
Farewell fayre Wife (ſaith he) bend all thy cares
To my domeſticke buſineſſe, home affayres,
But as the thing that I affection beſt,
Sweet wife, looke well vnto my *Troyan* gueſt.
It was no ſooner out but with much paine,
My itching ſpleene from laughter I reſtraine,
Which ſtriuing to keepe in and bridle ſtill,
At length I wrung forth theſe few words (*I will.*)
Hee's on his iourney to the Iſle of *Creet*,
But thinke not we may therefore ſafely meet.

He is ſo abſent, that as preſent I
Am ſtill within his reach: His Eare, his Eye,
And though abroad, his power at home commands
For know you not Kings haue long reaching hands?
The fame for beauty you beſides haue giuen me,
Into a great exigent hath driuen me:
The more your commendation fild his eare,
The more iuſt cauſe my husband hath to feare:
Nor maruell you the King hath left me ſo,
Into remoate and forraine Climes to goe,
Much confidence he dares repoſe in me,
My carriage, hauiour, and my modeſty,
My beauty he miſtruſts, my hart relies in
My face he feares, my Chaſt life he affies in.
To take time now when time is, you perſwade me,
And with his apt fit abſence you inuade me:
I would, but feare, nor is my mind well ſet,
My will would further, what my feare doth let.
I haue no husband here, and you no wife,
I loue your ſhape, you mine, deare as your life.
The nights ſeeme long to ſuch as ſleepe alone,
Our letters meet to enterchange our mone:

You

You iudge me beautious, I esteeme you faire,
Vnder one Roofe we Louers lodged are,
And (let me die) but euery thing consider,
Each thing perswades vs we should lie together.
Nothing we see molests vs, naught we heare,
And yet my forward will is slacke through feare:
I would to God that what you ill perswade,
You could as well compell, So I were made
Vn-willing willing, pleasingly abusde,
So my simplicity might be excusde.
Luxurious force is oft-times wondrous pleasing,
To such as suffer ease in their diseasing.
If what I will, you gainst my will should doe,
I with such force could be well pleased too.
But whilst our loue is young and in the bud,
Offer his Infant vigor be withstood.
A flame new kindled is as easily quench't,
And sudden sparkles in little drops are drenchs:
A Trauellours Loue is like himselfe, vnstaid,
And wanders where he walkes, It is not layde
On any firmer ground, for when we alone
Thinke him to vs, the winde blowes faire, hees gone:

Witneſſe Hypſipyle alike betraide,
Witneſſe with her, the bright *Myrrhen* maide:
Nay then your ſelfe, as you your ſelfe haue ſpoken,
To fayre *Oenone* haue your promiſe broken,
Since I beheld your face firſt, my deſire
Hath beene, of *Troyan* Paris to inquire;
I know you now in euery true reſpect,
Ile grant you thus much then, ſay you affect
Me (whom you terme your owne.) Ile grow thus farre
Do not the *Phœgian* mariners prepare
Their ſailes and Oares, and now whilſt we recite
Exchange of words about the wiſhed night:
Say that euen now you were prepard to clime
My long wiſht bed iuſt at th'appointed time.
The wind ſhould alter and blow fayre for *Troy*,
You muſt breake off, in midſt of all your ioy
And leaue me in the infancy of pleaſure,
Amid my riches I ſhall loſe my treaſure.
You will forſake the ſweets my bed affords,
T'exchange for Cabins, Harches, and pitcht boords,
Then what a fickle Courtſhip you commence,
When, with the firſt wind, all your Loue blowes hence.

But ſhall I follow you when you are gone,
And be the graund-childe to *Laomedon*?
And *Iſium* ſee, whoſe beauty you proclaime?
I doe not ſo deſpiſe the bruit of Fame.
That ſhe to whom I am in debt ſuch thanks,
Should fill the Earth with ſuch adulterate pranks:
What will *Achaia*? What will *Sparta* ſay?
What will your *Troy* report and *Aſia*?
What may old *Priam* or his reuerent Queene?
What may your Siſters hauing *Hellen* ſeene,
Or your *Dardanian* brothers deeme of me?
Will they not blame my looſe ichaſtity:
Nay, how can you your ſelfe faithfull deem me,
And not amongſt the looſeſt Dames eſteeme me,
No ſtranger ſhall your *Aſian* Ports come neare,
But he ſhall fil your guilty ſoule with feare.
How often (angry at ſome ſmall offence)
Will you thus ſay; Adultreſſe, get thee hence,
Forgetting you your ſelfe haue been the chiefe
In my tranſgreſſion, though not in my griefe.
Conſider what it is forgetfull Louer,
To be ſinnes Author, and ſinnes ſharpe reprouer,

But ere the least of all these Illes betide me,
I wish the earth may in her bosome hide me.
But I shall all your *Phrigyan* wealth possesse,
And more then your Epistle can expresse;
Gifts, wouen gold, Imbrodery, rich attire,
Purple and Plate, or what I can desire?
Yet giue me leaue, thinke you all this extends
To counter-vaile the losse of my chiefe friends?
Whose friendship, or whose ayde shall I imploy,
To succour me when I am wrong'd in *Troy*?
Or whether can I, hauing thus misdone,
Vnto my Father or my Brothers ronne.
As much as you to me, false *Iason* swore
Vnto *Medea*, yet from *Aesons* dore
He after did exile her: Now poore hart,
Where is thy Father that should take thy part?
Old *Aetes* or *Calciope*? thou tookest
No aid from them, who thou before forsookest.
Or say thou didst (alas they cannot heare
Thy sad complaints) yet I no such thing feare,
No more *Medea* did, good hopes ingage
Themselues so farre, they faile in their presage:

You

You ſee the ſhips that in the Mayne are toſt,
And many times by tempeſts wrackt and loſt.
Had at their launching from the Hauens mouth,
A ſmooth ſea, and a calme gale from the South.
Beſides, the brand your mother dreampt ſhe bare
The night before your byrth, breeds me freſh care,
It propheſide, ere many yeares expire,
Inflamed *Troy* muſt burne with *Greekiſh* fire,
As *Venus* fauours you, becauſe ſhe gained
A double prize by you; yet the diſdained
And vanquiſht Goddeſſes, diſgraceſt ſo late,
May beare you hard, I therefore feare their hate:
Nor make no queſtion, but if I conſort you,
And for a Rauiſher our *Greece* report you:
Warre will be wag'd with *Troy*, and you ſhall rue,
The ſword (alas) your conqueſt ſhall purſue.
When *Hypodemia* at her bridale feaſt,
Was rudely rauiſht by her *Centaur* gueſt,
Becauſe the Saluages the Bride durſt ceaze,
War grew betwixt them and the *Lapythes*:
Or thinke you *Menelaus* hath no ſpleene?
Or that he hath not power to auenge his teene?

Or

Or that old *Tyndarus* this wrong can ſmother?
Or the two famous *Twins* each lou'd of other.
So where your valour and rare deeds you boaſt,
And warlike ſpirits in which you tryumph moſt.
By which you haue attaind mongſt Souldiers grace,
None will beleeue you that but ſees your face,
Your feature and fayre ſhape, is fitter farre
For amorous Courtſhips, then remorſeleſſe warre:
Let rough hew'd Souldiers warlike dangers proue,
Tis pitty *Paris* ſhould do ought ſaue loue.
Hector (whom you ſo praiſe) for you may fight,
Ile finde you warre, to skirmiſh euery night,
Which ſhall become you better: Were I wiſe
And bold withall, I might obtaine the prize,
In ſuch ſweete ſingle Combats, hand to hand,
Gainſt which no woman that is wiſe will ſtand:
My Champion Ile encounter breaſt to breaſt,
Though I were ſure to fall, and be o'trepreaſt.
In that you priuate conference intreat me,
I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me.

I know the meaning, durſt I yeeld thereto,
Of what you would confer; What you would do,
You are too forward, you too farre would wade,
But yet (God knowes) your harueſts in the blade.
My tyred pen ſhall heere his labour end,
A guilty ſence in theeuiſh lines I ſend.
Speake next when your occaſion beſt perſwades,
By *Clymena* and *Aethra* my two maydes.

That *Menelaus* was cauſe of his owne wrongs.

WHen *Menelaus* from his houſe is gone,
Poore *Helen* is affraid to lie alone;
And to alay theſe feares (lod'g in her breaſt)
In her warme boſome ſhe receiues her gueſt:
What madneſſe was this? *Menelaus*, ſay
Thou art abroad, whilſt in thy houſe doth ſtay
Vnder the ſelfe-ſame roofe, thy Gueſt, and Loue?
Mad-man vnto the Hawke thou truſts the Doue.
And who, but ſuch a Gull, would giue to keepe
Vnto the Mountaine-Wolfe full folds of Sheepe.
Helen is blameleſſe, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou, or I my ſelfe would doo.
The fault is thine, *I* tell thee to thy face,
By limiting theſe Louers, Time and Place.
From thee the ſeeds of all thy wrongs are growne,
Whoſe Counſels haue they followed, but thine owne?
(Alacke) what ſhould they do? Abroad thou art,
At home thou leaueſt thy Gheſt, to play thy part:

To

To lie alone, the (poore Queene is affraid,
In the next roome an Amorous ſtranger ſtaid,
Her Armes are ope to imbrace him, he fals in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of the ſin.

And in another place ſomewhat reſembling this.

Oreſtes liked, but not loued deerely
Hermione, til he had loſt her clearely:
Sad *Menelaus*, why doſt thou lament
Thy late miſhap? I prethee be content:
Thou knoweſt the amorous *Hellen* fayre and ſweet,
And yet without her didſt thou ſaile to *Creet*,
And thou waſt blithe and merry al the way,
But when thou ſaw'ſt ſhe was the *Troians* pray,
then waſt thou mad for her, and for thy life,
thou canſt not now one minute want thy wife.
So ſtout *Achilles*, when his louely Bride
Briſeis, was diſpos'd to great *Atride*.
Nor was he vainely mou'd: *Atrides* too
Offerd no more then he of force muſt doo:
I ſhould haue done as much, to ſet her free,
Yet I (heauen knowes) am not ſo wiſe as he.

The

The Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris*.

BEneath Hymetus hill well cloath'd with flowers,
A holy Well her ſoft ſprings gently powers, (ſhroud,
Where ſtands a Copſe, in which the wood-Nymphs
(No wood) It rather ſeemes a ſlender Groue,
The humble ſhrubs and buſhes hide the graſſe,
Heere Lawrell, Roſemary, heare Myrtle was.
Heere grew thicke Box, and *Tam'rix*, that excels,
And made a meere confuſion of ſweet ſmels:
The Triffoly, the Pine, and on this Heath
Stands many a plant that feeles coole *Zephirs* breath.
Heere the young *Cephalus* tyr'd in the chace,
Vſd his repoſe and reſt alone t'embrace,
And where he ſat, theſe words he would repeate,
Come Ayre, ſweet Ayre, come coole my heate:
Come gentle Ayre, I neuer will forſake thee,
Ile hug thee thus, and in my boſome take thee.
Some double dutious Tel-tale hapt to heare this,
And to his Iealous wife doth ſtraight-way beare this.

Which

Which *Procris* hearing, and with all the Name
Of Ayre, (sweete Ayre) which he did oft proclaime,
She stands confounded, and amazd with griefe,
By giuing this fond tale too sound beleefe.
And lookes as do the Trees by winter nipt,
Whom Frost and cold, of fruit and leaues halfe stript,
She bends like Corueile, when too ranke it growes,
Or when the ripe fruits clog the Quince-tree bowes:
But when she comes t'her selfe, she teares
Her Garments, her eyes, her cheekes, and haires,
And then she starts, and to her feete applies her,
Then to the Woods (starke Wood) in rage she hies her.
Approaching some-what neare her seruants they
By her appointment in a Vally stay,
Whilst she alone with creeping paces steales
To take the Strumpet whom her Lord conceales.
What mean'st thou *Procris* in these Groues to hide thee?
What rage of Ione doth to this madnesse guide thee?
Thou hopst the Arye he cals, in all her brauery
Will straight approach, and thou shalt see their knauery?
And now againe it Irkes her to be there,
For such a killing sight her heart will teare.

No

No truce can with her troubled thoughts diſpence,
She would not now be there, nor yet be thence:
Behold the place: her iealous mind foretels,
Heere do they Vſe to meet, and no where elſe:
The Graſſe is lay'd, and ſee their true impreſsion,
Euen heere they lay: I, heere was their tranſgreſsion.
A bodies print ſhe ſaw, it was his ſeat,
Which makes her faint heart gainſt her ribs to beat,
Phœbus the lofty Eaſterne Hill had ſcald,
And all moyſt vapours from the earth exhald:
Now in his noone-tide point he ſhineth bright,
It was the middle houre, twixt noone and night:
Behold young *Cephalus* drawes to the place,
And with the Fountaine water ſprinkes his face,
Procris is hid, vpon the graſſe he lies,
And come ſweet *Zephir*, Come ſweet Ayre he cryes.
She ſees her error now from where he ſtood,
Her mind returnes to her, and her freſh blood;
Among the Shrubs and Briars ſhe moues and ruſtles,
And the iniurious boughes away ſhe iuſtels,

Intending, as he lay there to repoſe him,
Nimbly to run, and in her armes incloſe him:
He quickly caſts his eye vpon the buſh,
Thinking therein ſome ſauage Beaſt did ruſh,
His bow he bends, and a keene ſhaft he drawes,
Vnhappy man, what dooſt thou? Stay and pauſe,
It is no bruite beaſt thou wouldſt reaue of life;
(Oh man vnhappy) thou haſt ſlaine thy wife?
Oh Heauen ſhe cries, Oh helpe me I am ſlaine,
Still doth thy Arrow in my wound remaine,
Yet though by timeleſſe Fate my bones heere lye,
It glads me moſt, that I, no Cuck-queane dye:
Her breath (thus in the Armes ſhe moſt affected,)
She breaths into the Ayre (before ſuſpected)
The whilſt he lifts her body from the ground,
And with his teares doth waſh her bleeding wound.

Vulcan was *Iupiters* Smith, *an excellent workeman, on whom* the Poets Father many rare *workes, among which, I* find this one.

Mars and Venus.

THis Tale is blaz'd through heauen, how once vnware
Venus and *Mars* were tooke in *Vulcans* snare:
The God of Warre doth in his brow discouer
The perfect and true patterne of a Louer:
Nor could the Goddesse *Venus* be so crewell
To deny *Mars*: (soft kindnesse is a Iewell
In any woman, and becomes her well:)
In this the Queene of loue doth most excell:
(Oh heauen) how often haue they mockt and flouted
The Smiths polt-foote (whilst nothing he misdoubted)

Made Ieſts of him and his begrimed trade,
And his ſmoog'd viſage, blacke with Cole-duſt made:
Mars, tickled with lowd laughter, when he ſaw
Venus like *Vulcan* limpe, to halt and draw
One foote behind another, with ſweet grace
To counterfet his lame vneeuen pace.
Their meetings firſt the Louers hide with feare,
From euery iealous eye, and captious eare.
The God of Warre and Loues laſcinious dame,
In publicke view were full of baſhfull ſhame;
But the *Sunne* ſpies how this ſweet paire agree,
(Oh what bright *Phœbus* can be hid from thee?)
The *Sunne* both ſees and blabs the ſight, forthwith,
And in all poſt he ſpeeds to tell the Smith:
(Oh *Sunne*) what bad examples doeſt thou ſhow?
What thou in ſecret ſeeſt, muſt all men know?
For ſilence, aske a bribe from her faire treaſure,
Shee'le grant thee that ſhall make thee ſwell with pleaſure.
The God whoſe face is ſmoog'd with ſmoke and fire,
Placeth about their bed a net of Wire

So

So quaintly made, that it deceiues the eye
Straight (as he feignes) to *Lemnos* he must hie,
The Louers meet, where he the traine hath set,
And both lie fast catcht in a wiery net:
He cals the Gods, the Louers naked spral
And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue shewes all:
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weepes, neither can flinch,
Grappled they lie, in vaine they kicke and winch:
Their legs are one within another tide,
Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide:
Amongst these high Spectators, one by chance
That saw them naked in this pitfall dance:
Thus to himselfe said: If it tedious be
Good God of Warre, bestow thy place on me.

The Hiſtory how the Myno-taure was begot.

IDa of Cædars and tall Trees ſtand full,
Where fed the glory of the Heard (a Bull
Snow-white,) ſaue twixt his hornes one ſpot there grew,
Saue that one ſtaine, he was of milky hew.
This faire Steare did the Heyfers of the Groues
Deſire to beare as Prince of all the Droues,
But moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous breath,
Enuies the wanton Heyfers to the death.
Tis ſaid that for this Bull the doting laſſe
Did vſe to crop young boughes, and mow freſh graſſe,
Nor was the Amorous *Cretan* Queene affeard
To grow a kind Companion to the Heard:
Thus through the Champion ſhe is madly borne
And a wilde Bull, to *Minos* giues the horne,
Tis not for brauery he can loue or loath thee,

Then

Then why *Paſiphae* doeſt thou richly cloath thee?
Why ſhouldſt thou thus thy face and lookes prepare?
What makeſt thou with thy glaſſe ordering thy haire?
Vnleſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeeme a Cow,
But how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no Adulterer ſeeke thee,
Or if thy husband *Minos* do not leeke thee,
But thy laſciuious thoughts are ſtill increaſt,
Deceiue him with a man, not with a beaſt:
Thus by the Queene the wilde Woods are frequented,
And leauing the Kings bed, ſhe is contented
To vſe the Groues, borne by the rage of mind,
Euen as a ſhip with a full Eaſterne wind:
Some of theſe ſtrumpet-Heyfers the Queene ſlew,
Her ſmoaking Alters their warme bloods imbrew,
Whilſt by the ſacrificing Prieſt ſhe ſtands,
And gripes their trembling entrailes in her hands,
At length, the Captaine of the Heard beguild
With a Cowes skin, by curious Art compild,
The longing Queene obtaines her full deſire,
And in her infants birth bewraies the Sire.

This *Mynotaure*, when hee came to *greath*, was incloſed in the *Laborinth*, which was made by the curious Artſ-maſter *Dedalus*, whoſe Tale likewiſe we thus purſue.

WHen *Dedalus* the laborinth had built,
In which t'include the Queene *Paſiphaes* guilt,
And that the time was now expired full,
To incloſe the *Mynotaure*, halfe Man, halfe Bull:
Kneeling he layes. Iuſt *Mynos* end my mones
And let my Nature ſoile intoombe my bones:
Or if dread ſoueraigne I deſerue no grace,
Looke with a pitious eye on my ſonnes face,
And grant me leaue from whence we are exild,
Or pitty me, if you deny my Child:
This and much more he ſpeakes, but all in vaine,
The King both Sonne and Father will detaine,
Which he perceiuing layes: Now, now, tis fit,
To giue the world cauſe to admire thy wit,
Both Land and Sea, are watcht by day and night,
Nor Land nor Sea lie open to our flight:

One-

Onely the Ayre remaines, then let vs try
To cut a paſſage through the Ayre and fly,
Ihoue be auſpicious to my enterpriſe,
I couet not to mount aboue the skies:
But make this refuge, ſince I can prepare
No meanes to fly my Lord, but through the ayre,
Make me immortall, bring me to the brim
Of the blacke *Stigian* Water, *Styx* lle ſwim:
Oh human wit, thou canſt inuent much ill?
Thou ſearcheſt ſtrange Artes, who would thinke by skill
A heauy man, like a light Bird ſhould ſtray,
And through the empty Heauens find a way.
He placeth in iuſt order all his Quils,
Whoſe bottoms with reſolued waxe he fils,
Then binds them with a line, and being faſt tyde,
He placeth them like Oares on eyther ſide,
The tender Lad the downy Feathers blew,
And what his Father meant, he nothing knew:
The wax he faſtned with the ſtrings he playde,
Not thinking for his ſhoulders they were made,
To whom his Father ſpake (and then look's pale)
With theſe ſwift Ships, we to our Land muſt ſaile:

All paſſages doth crewell *Mynos* ſtop,
Onely the empty ayre he ſtill leaues ope.
That way muſt we, the Land, and the rough deepe
Doth *Mynos* barre: the ayre he cannot keepe,
But in thy way beware thou ſet no eye
On the ſigne *Virgo*, nor *Bootes* hye:
Looke not the blacke *Orion* in the face
That ſhakes his Sword, but iuſt with me keepe pace.
Thy wings are now in faſtning, follow me,
I will before thee fly, as thou ſhalt ſee
Thy Father mount, or ſtoope, ſo I aread thee,
Make me thy Guard, and ſafely I will lead thee:
If we ſhould ſoare to neere great *Phœbus* ſeate,
The melting Waxe will not endure the heate,
Or if we fly to neere the Humid Seas,
Our moyſtned wings we cannot ſhake with eaſe.
Fly betweene both, and with the guſts that riſe,
Let thy light body ſaile amidſt the skies,
And euer as his little ſonne he charmes,
He fits the feathers to his tender Armes:
And ſhewes him how to moue his body light,
As Birds firſt teach their little young ones flight:

By

By this he cals to Counſell all his wits,
And his owne wings vnto his ſhoulders fits,
Being about to rite, he fearefull quakes,
And in this new way his faint body ſhakes:
Firſt ere he tooke his flight, he kiſt his ſonne,
Whilſt by his cheekes the briniſh waters ronne:
There was a Hillocke not ſo towring tall
As lofty Mountaines be, nor yet ſo ſmall
To be with Valleyes euen, and yet a hill,
From this thus both attempt their vncoath skill:
The Father moues his wings, and with reſpect
His eyes vpon his wandering ſonne reflect:
They beare a ſpacious courſe, and the apt boy
Fearleſſe of harme, in his new traſt doth ioy
And flyes more boldly: Now vpon them lookes
The Fiſhermen, that angle in the brookes,
And with their eyes caſt vpward, frighted ſtand,
By this is *Samos* Iſle on their left hand,
Vpon the right *Lebinthos* they forſake,
Aſtipalen and the Fiſhy Lake.
Shady *Pachime* full of Woods and Groues,
When the raſh youth too bold in ventring, roues;

Looſeth

Looſeth his guide, and takes his flight ſo hie,
That the ſoft wax againſt the Sunne doth frie,
And the Cords ſlip that kept the Feathers faſt
So that his Armes haue power vpon no blaſt:
He fearefully from the hye clouds lookes downe
Vpon the lower heauens, whoſe curld waues frowne
At his ambitious height, and from the skies
He ſees blacke night and death before his eyes,
Still melts the wax, his naked armes he ſhakes,
And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes:
But now the naked Lad downe headlong fals,
And by the way, he Father, Father, cals:
Helpe, Father helpe, I die, and as he ſpeakes,
A violent ſurge his courſe of language breakes.
Th'vnhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cryes out aloud, Sonne *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*, where doſt thou fly?
Icarus where art? When loe he may eſpy
The feathers ſwim, aloud he doth exclaime,
The earth his bones, the Sea ſtill beares his name.

Achilles his concealement of his Sex in the Court of Lycomedes:

NOw from another World doth saile with ioy,
A welcome Daughter to the King of *Troy*,
The whilst the *Grecians* are already come,
(mou'd with that generall wrong gainst *Ilium*:)
Achilles in a Smocke, his Sex doth smother,
And layes the blame vpon his carefull Mother,
What mak'st thou great *Achilles*, teazing Wooll,
When *Pallas* in a Helme should claspe thy Scull?
What doth these fingers with fine threads of Gold?
Which were more fit a Warlike Shield to hold.
Why should that right hand, Rocke or Tow containe,
By which the *Troian Hector* must be slaine?
Cast off thy loose vailes, and thy Armour take,
And in thy hand the Speare of *Pelias* shake.

Thus

Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was, her belly muſt bewray,
Yet was ſhe forſt (ſo ſhould we all beleeue)
Not to be forſt to, now her heart would greeue:
When he ſhould riſe from her, ſtill would ſhe cry,
(For he had arm'd him, and his Rocke laid by)
And with a ſoft voyce ſpake: *Achilles* ſtay,
It is too ſoone to riſe, lie downe I pray,
And then the man that forſt her, ſhe would kiſſe,
What force (*Deidameia*) call you this?

FINIS.

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